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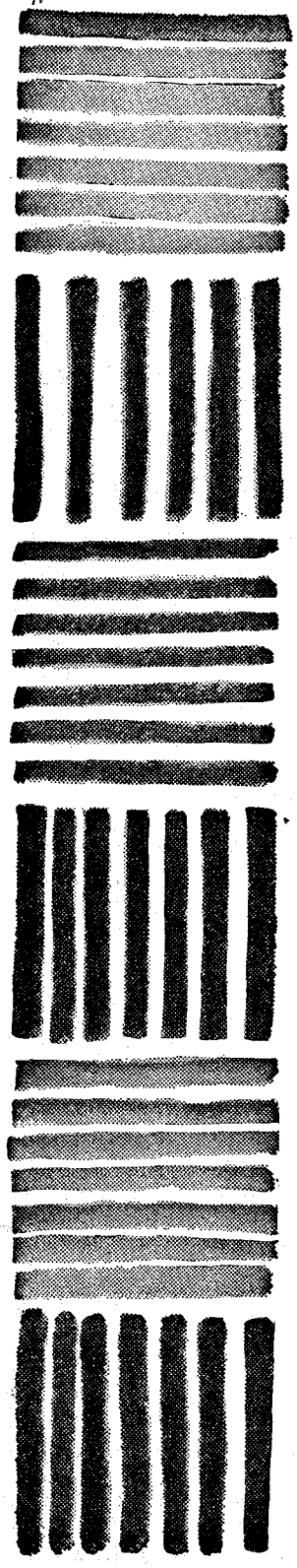

## DIAL 2122428180

Wesley Marx

Project Apollo

## THE WASTEFUL SPECTACULAR

Hilbert Schenck, Jr.

Red Trawlers

## The Encroaching Fishermen

William S. Ellis

## Eisenhower's Memoirs

George G. Kirstein

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# LETTERS

## Policies for peace

*London*

*Dear Sirs:* What is happening in the British peace movement? Is it ruptured? Is it losing steam? Is it becoming irrelevant?

These questions are hard enough to answer here, in an office in London, but they must be even harder to answer in New York. I am not sure if J. B. Priestley's article (*The Nation*, Oct. 26) will have helped very much.

Mr. Priestley describes the various different groups in CND at some length . . . but leaves unanswered the central question of what CND should be. He refers simply to "the task of educating public opinion," as if this in itself were an adequate basis for a long-term campaign. But what are we educating public opinion in? Mr. Priestley uses this phrase three times, but never says quite *what* CND is supposed to be telling people.

It is not just enough to go round saying how dangerous war is; we must also offer some realistic, thoroughly worked-out proposals. CND at the moment, insofar as it makes positive proposals, advocates a mixture of unilateralism (for Britain) and multilateralism (for the U.S.A. and USSR); it did advocate positive neutralism, but has practically ceased to push this policy since the Sino-Indian conflict a year ago. Is this an adequate policy? I think it is not, and that the policy weakness of CND is its central problem. . . .

*Adam Roberts*
*Peace News*

*New York City*

*Dear Sirs*: The idea of evaluating various peace organizations at this moment in history is a valuable one, especially since one stage of our activities has concluded with the ratification of the test-ban treaty, although the next stage must begin immediately if nuclear war is still to be prevented.

The story J. B. Priestley tells about CND (*The Nation*, Oct. 26) appears to us from our experience to be accurate. However, Priestley is premature in writing off the work of the International Confederation for Disarmament and Peace. This organization was conceived last January in Oxford, formally organized only in August in the Netherlands by twenty-six organizations (including SANE and the Fellowship of Reconciliation) of a number of countries (including Yugoslavia, India and Ghana). The Confederation will not officially get under way until this coming January at an inaugural conference somewhere in Western Europe. Perhaps "a hodgepodge of peace movements" is impossible to confederate, but Priestley ought to give us a fair chance to begin.

*Homer A. Jack*
*Executive Director, SANE*

## By any other name

*San Diego, Calif.*

*Dear Sirs:* I have just finished Bruno Bettelheim's wonderful feature (*The Nation*, Oct. 19) entitled "Class, Color and Prejudice." I compliment Mr. Bettelheim for this enlightening article, and also *The Nation* for the printing of it.

I find myself compelled, however, to disagree with one statement Mr. Bettelheim made: "Above all, it obscures the fact that precious few well-to-do people rob or rape." Could it be they have another name for it? Shakespeare has said, "What's in a name? . . ."

*Robert W. Hanson*

## Washington and AFDC

*Alexandria, Va.*

*Dear Sirs:* Having read Mr. Haitch's article, "The Twenty-Fifth Child" (*The Nation*, Oct. 19), I agree with him wholeheartedly. The scanty aid these families receive under the AFDC Program is not enough in far too many cases. As a resident of the Washington, D.C., area, I have seen the deplorable condition of families in the slums of our country's capital city. How can the politicians on the Hill, who also see this, let the situation continue by not supporting more aid to the worthy cause of the AFDC?

*Peter Trawicky*

## Simplified statements

*Halifax, N.S.*

*Dear Sirs:* There are, of course, scientists and scientists. I know some who do not opt out of their political and social responsibilities and who speak carefully on public questions if not scientifically (the latter word having, perhaps, too specialized a meaning). But many do opt out. I seriously doubt if Dr. Siekevitz (*The Nation*, Nov. 2) has put his finger on the most usual reason. The very fact that they opt out is evidence enough that they have not given the matter careful or scientific thought. And many who do opt out show no hesitation about making, in private, simplified statements about politics that an experienced politician would blush to make.

The real reason why many opt out is, I suggest, that they think that politics is a dirty game and beneath them and that they fully discharge their obligations to the society that sustains them by ignoring it and getting on with their scientific work. No doubt it is a comforting assumption. And the single-minded pursuit of science is a fascinating preoccupation.

*J. H. Aitchison*


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*Saturday, November 23, 1963*
*Volume 197, No. 17*


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## 'Change in Personnel'

President Kennedy said that South Vietnam needed a "change in personnel," meaning specifically the ouster of Ngo Dinh Nhu and Mme. Nhu. Mr. Kennedy now has his change of personnel with President Diem included, but it will avail him little unless it is supplemented by a change of policy. The President talks like a thinker and by comparison with some of his predecessors he is one. In the South Vietnam situation it is time to think, and think hard.

The objective of the American presence in South Vietnam has never been spelled out. It is said vaguely that we are there to "win the war." What war? The civil war inside South Vietnam? History suggests that outside interference in a civil war often is the kiss of death for the side the outsiders want to help. Are we fighting to contain Red China? Aside from the fact that the current and prospective troubles of the Red regime serve as a pretty efficient container, at least for the time being, Mr. Kennedy might consider that the Vietnamese and the Chinese (of whatever political complexion) have been hereditary enemies over a much longer period than the existence of the American Republic. With a little encouragement the Vietnamese, North and South together, might serve as a bulwark against the great bogy. Are we there merely to train our forces in counter-insurgency? If so, it is getting rather expensive and complicated; they should be proficient by now. Or is it our unquenchable desire to establish democracy in the rice paddies, to improve life for the South Vietnamese masses? If so, who will believe it, and since when has such a far-out altruism, to the tune of $1.5 million a day and well over a hundred American lives so far, been sanctioned by the American taxpayer? If he reads the papers, he knows, moreover, that the war which we support in South Vietnam has only made the people of both Vietnams more wretched.

The change in personnel will not necessarily improve matters from *any* of the above standpoints. At the same time, complicity in the coup itself has increased our measure of responsibility for what happens in South Vietnam.

General Eisenhower's memoirs scarcely reveal him as a great statesman, but he did carry out his campaign promise to end the Korean War and the world has been the better for it. The American public must be getting as sick of the Vietnamese war as it was of the Korean one, and if Mr. Kennedy wants to hand a similar campaign issue to his Republican opponent in 1964 — assuming a Republican nominee who would have the sense and courage to make something of it — all he needs to do is to continue on his present course. The alternative is constructive statesmanship, and here Mr. Kennedy might do worse than to reread General de Gaulle's proposal of last September on which *The Nation* based an editorial proposal (September 21). In barest outline, the idea was to talk with Ho Chi Minh through suitable intermediaries, with a view to ending the civil war and effecting a federation of North and South, the North to remain Communist, the South capitalist, with free intercourse between the two. Each has what the other needs, and neither is getting it. If the border were unsealed, the flow of commerce would help solve some problems. Others would remain, but they could be dealt with by those principally involved — the Vietnamese people and leaders whom they might select if given a voice. A United Nations presence would be needed to insure that Red China and the United States alike kept their hands off. The headaches involved in such a course could not possibly equal those that await Mr. Kennedy if he puts his trust in a new organization chart, filled with schemers no whit better than those he has just helped to oust.

## One Man, One Vote, Two Offices

How many elective offices should the same man run for at the same time? The question was raised in 1960 by the then Senator, now Vice President, Lyndon Johnson. The voice of the people may be the voice of God but, the forehanded Mr. Johnson reasoned, you never can tell till the votes are counted. The Texas legislature, always glad to oblige a great native statesman, passed a law enabling Mr. Johnson to run simultaneously for the Senate and the Vice Presidency. He won both. Mr. Johnson was severely criticized by Mr. Goldwater for this duality. Now Mr. Goldwater is apparently preparing to take out election insurance himself.

The plan is for Senator Goldwater to file for re-election to the Senate shortly before the Republican national convention. If worse comes to worst, he will remain a Senator, since his re-election to that humble office is very likely if he runs. Barry's Presidential campaign manager, Denison Kitchel, says that if his man is nominated in San Francisco, he will not run for the Senate. This is pure forbearance on Barry's part, for there is nothing in the Arizona constitution to prevent him from running simultaneously for dogcatcher of Phoenix, Senator from Arizona, and President of the United States.

Mr. Kitchel assures the press that Mr. Goldwater has no such intention. If the Republicans inconceivably fail to nominate him for the highest office in the land, he will indeed run for the Senate; but if he is nominated for the Presidency and accepts, a substitute will be found to carry for the Senate. This involves some complications, however. Unfortunately the filing period for the Senate ends before the national convention, so if he wants this insurance Barry must file before he can be sure that the convention will designate him to save the country. In fact, he intends to

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file on the very first day—June 10. Presumably, then, his name will go on the Senatorial primary ballot even if he wins the Presidential nomination. Just how the stand-in's name would get on the ballot, and when, is not clear.

It is comfortable for a candidate to operate under the built-in insurance scheme that Senate membership affords. He is certain of a consolation prize instead of having to travel from one law firm to another, like the unfortunate Dick Nixon, for instance. This system, however, shortchanges the voters who, after all, should have some rights in a democratic election. If Goldwater should do as Johnson did—run for both offices and be elected to both—he would in effect be naming his successor, since the Governor would hardly ignore the wishes of the Presidential nominee of his own party. Republican voters, having elected one man, would be served by another. Again, if the entire body of voters were given the choice between a Democratic nominee and a Republican other than Goldwater, the result might not be the same as when the Democrat had to buck the puissant Goldwater.

The principle would be the same if Joe Doakes were looking for a soft spot to land. The tendency for politicians to run for dual office should be curbed before it becomes an accepted practice. Since Senator Goldwater wishes to be esteemed as a particularly virtuous politician, he should take the lead in curbing it.

## Decline of the Ostrich

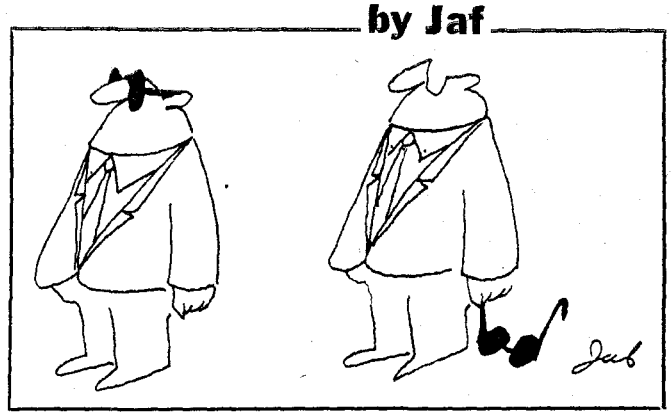
City by city and state by state, the American public is awakening to the fact that, assertions of civil defense to the contrary notwithstanding, modern man is not a troglodyte, nor can he seek wisdom of the ostrich. The latest outbreak of sanity on this issue has occurred in Baltimore.

Early this fall, a number of Baltimore citizens, including leaders of SANE, Cary Ramsey (1962 peace candidate for Congress) and a real estate man named Leon Shapiro, talked the city's largest television station into carrying a special program on civil defense. Appearing as star witnesses for the opposition were Arthur Waskow and Stanley Newman, co-authors of *America in Hiding* (Ballantine Books).

This program (it should have been on a national network; perhaps it still can be) stirred an intensity of local controversy that moved the Baltimore City Council to call a special meeting on the subject. Baltimore is both a major city in its own right and within easy blast range of the national capital, so civil defense director Steuart Pittman decided he had better attend this September 23 meeting. On arriving, he found himself confronted by Dr. Donald Michael of the Institute for Policy Studies and Dr. Thomas Stonier of Manhattan College, both eloquent opponents of burrowing to security. They gave Mr. Pittman such an exceedingly difficult time that Mayor Theodore McKeldin continued the debate in his private office.

Mayor McKeldin pondered this donnybrook for a month and then, on October 26, announced that he was reorganizing Baltimore's civil defense under the

by Jaf




fire department, a move calculated to save 60 per cent on CD expenditures. The mayor in his message took note that "many people" consider civil defense "one of the nation's greatest boondoggles." One gets the impression that he is among those many; but he is also a politician and practices the art of the possible. It is at least a step in the right direction to save the taxpayer 60 per cent on the cost of pursuing safety down a hole in the ground.

## He Thought Big

Bobby Baker's real misfortune was that he was only secretary to the Senate majority, not a Senator himself. A United States Senator may be censured by his peers but cannot be impeached (an ordeal reserved for Presidents, Vice Presidents and Chief Justices). Senators can get away with anything short of daylight robbery. Mere breaches of taste or decorum, like raising their own salaries 50 per cent or soliciting special favors for radio stations in which they have a financial interest, are accepted practice.

The only charitable way to look at Bobby, therefore, is as a poor Southern lad who rose in the world, but not quite high enough. He was never big time. Compared with Billie Sol Estes, Bobby was only a small operator. His assets seem never to have exceeded about $1 million; his own reckoning of his net worth is $800,000 at the peak. He has not been accused, much less found guilty of, outright crookedness, only of violations of ethics, propriety, conflict of interest — what Tim Sullivan, the celebrated Tammany politician, called "honest graft." Bobby's motel operation in Maryland is certainly not actionable; Senator Benjamin Everett Jordan, who is in charge of the investigation, has been a motel owner himself. Other than Bobby's interest in the motel, some vending machine operations in the plants of government contractors (no United States war, cold or hot, could be carried on without cola drinks), living in a $125,000 home on his $19,612 annual Senate stipend and what he could make on the side, owning another Washington house which he obtained on dubious representations to the FHA and which was occupied by his handsome twenty-three-year-old administrative assistant and other charming young women, what is there, really? On the face of it, all the guy is guilty of, if he is guilty of anything, is thinking big, and is that a sin?



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## Project Apollo

# WASTEFUL SPECTACULAR . . Hilbert Schenck, Jr.

In the spring of 1963, a modest murmur arose from a few spokesmen of the scientific community regarding the real point and purpose of Apollo, the man-on-the-moon project. These scientists took a "can we really be doing this?" view that was, alas, two years too late. Most outspoken was Dr. Philip Abelson, a chemist and editor of *Science*, published weekly by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Other "no" votes on Apollo came from Dr. Polykarp Kusch, a physicist from Columbia; Sir John Cockroft, British physicist; Dr. Vannevar Bush; Fred Hoyle, British astronomer; and assorted letter-writers to periodicals. Arguments ranged from the suggestion that the money for the project be spent to cure the sick and feed the hungry to the more modest complaint that it's cheaper to send machines to the moon than men.

Such heresies were not, of course, to be borne in silence, and a variety of big guns were wheeled out to support the program. Nobel physicists and chemist Lederberg, Libby and Urey issued a joint statement in which the "urgencies of the response to the national challenge" were invoked. Electronics job-shop executive Simon Ramo of Thompson Ramo-Woolridge noted before a Senate committee that "A space program without a man has much less useful prestige appeal . . ." and Ramo went on to refer to the $40 billion project as the "science Olympics." Dr. Lee Du Bridge, president of Cal Tech, pulled out the usual commencement platitudes about the space program's incalculable impact on mankind.

None of the people engaged in this debate are engineers; and it is well known that physicists and research chemists are often fuzzy in planning a project of greater magnitude than taking the family to the beach. The whole NASA effort reeks of the bailing-wire and quick-fix approach. So by the time these "scientists" have hacked their way to the moon, taxpayers will be saddled by a gorgeous junk pile of useless hardware, plenty of goofs and fiascoes and a fiscal hangover.

How might a sane space-development program proceed? First, it would have a series of interlocked, broad-based plans. Enchanting projects like growing algae on a simulated Mars or making robots that look like great screws to bore through moon dust (wonderful for Sunday supplement public relations) would be tossed out as luxuries to be examined later (maybe). Basic, long-term scientific effort would center on propulsion studies involving both "exotic," high-impulse chemical fuels and nuclear-heated rocket motors.

Research would not follow the NASA formula of "let's get it on the stand and take a picture" approach. For some years, heavy support of basic metallurgical and heat-transfer research might have to be the main direction of this effort. There would be no firm hardware design required by a given date, based on the hopes of some administrator who spends much of his time watching for press deadlines. The work would be undertaken with the realization that it is broad and important enough to benefit both a space flight program and the development of efficient power-producing stations on the earth, *as should befit an engineering effort massively funded with public money.*

In addition, a flight program would try to establish the best size of vehicle for the only extraterrestrial mission for which low-grade chemical propellants are really suited—the moderate-altitude satellite. It might be a three- or four-stage device having a lift-off weight of around a million pounds and capable of putting fifteen or more tons in orbit. The vehicle would be flexible, able to use improved motors as they became available; a major design aim would be minimum launch and down-range facilities and rapidity of launching set-ups.

Top priority in all early flights would be to perfect orbital docking techniques so that any desired mass could be assembled in orbit using multiple flights. Once these capabilities were firmly established, *all* manned flights for several years would involve the assembly of a station plus fuel depot that included a major astronomical observation platform, communication and weather-surveillance necessities and various geophysical apparatus. The station would belong to the American people, not to a half-dozen astronauts, and would carry out a wide variety of theoretical and applied research programs. The entire American astronautical program would be integrated in such a way that small satellite and sounding-rocket shots would interlock with the main satellite location. Intramural shots in which needles or other garbage are scattered about the ionosphere would be permitted only if the entire scientific group of the station agreed that no program would be damaged. If the Air Force, A.E.C. or other agency did not want to play in this kind of game, they would be asked to take their toys somewhere else — possibly to another planet.

At this point, there would be a two-pronged possibility for a moon trip. If the basic research in high-energy rocket engines had progressed rapidly, a prototype engine of very high thrust might be available, one that would be utilized in our one-million-pound "workhorse" with which so much experience had already been gained. With this new and better engine, more weight in the rocket could be given over to payload so that a direct moon flight from the earth's surface might be possible. On the other hand, if progress were not so rapid, we could assemble our "lunar bug" in orbit, fill it up from the orbiting fuel depot and zip to the moon. On the return, it would not have to negotiate the risky atmospheric corridor. Our bug would dock back at the satellite and be ready for another try.

This type of program has the advantage of flexibility, since it can make use of breakthroughs in the

*Hilbert Schenck, Jr., teaches mechanical engineering at Clarkson College of Technology and has written several engineering textbooks.*



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propulsion area at any stage but is not totally dependent on them. It involves not a series of TV-oriented shots but a coherent, onward-moving program in which emphasis is shifted from the totally useless "the-moon-or-bust" game to a general multi-disciplined research effort involving many thousands of people, numbers of them actually in space. There is nothing original in these suggestions. They have been offered in a variety of forms through the years by most persons who have thought about how a sensible, tax-supported space effort should progress to maximize human benefits and minimize waste.

NASA, unhappily, is not going to do things at all this way. The NASA approach is a series of relatively unrelated "space spectaculars" plus occasional giant raids on the public treasury. Following the long hiatus after the Mercury astronaut phase, the next fun-in-space is due to be Gemini, a two-ship docking experiment. But this docking experiment is not going to lead to a satellite assembly of useful size. Gemini appears to be a partial tryout of the subsequent docking to be completed after two astronauts leave the moon and link up with their buddy, who has been in a moon orbit while they have been prowling the craters. The trouble is that the Gemini test in earth orbit and the later junction of the lunar crafts are so different in concept and equipment that it is difficult to understand the point.

Sometime during the period 1967-68, NASA may get together a very small, four- to eight-man space station which, since it is expensive, they hope to split with the Air Force. Too modest to be worth much for a series of major research efforts, it could presumably become the well-publicized orbiting command post from which senior officers could direct an H-bomb holocaust.

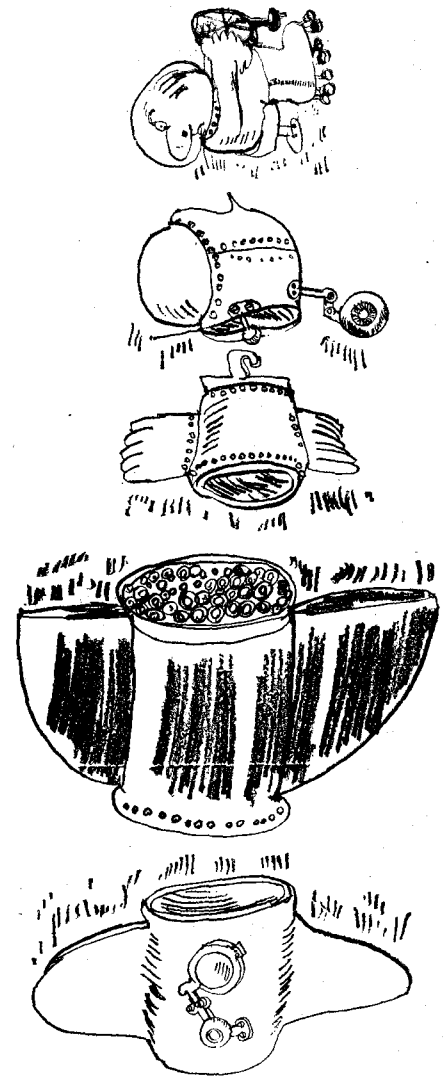
Finally will come Apollo — maybe. A monster six-million-pound rocket having in the main stage five F-1 engines will propel two smaller stages plus the three-stage lunar craft into the sky. This will be followed by a dazzling array of disconnects, course and attitude corrections, a moon landing, lunar orbital docking and other neat maneuvers that will culminate in a wild ride into the earth's atmosphere. When and if they make it, the public will have paid out over $20 billion, and the entire space program will have nothing to show for it. There will be no series of "stepping stones" swinging in space and permitting more and more flights to be made with ever-increasing safety and ease. All we will have is the knowledge that it worked — once — and might again.

In the laboratories, nobody is spending much money on basic nuclear-engine research or high-temperature materials because a new and even larger chemical beast is under development. This is Nova I, a thirty-million-pound vehicle; its first stage is still burning the same oxygen-hydrocarbon fuel that Dr. Goddard used successfully in the field outside Worchester, Mass., in 1926. Nova development will take eight to ten years and cost $3.5 to $6 billion. Yet even the most sophisticated member of the family, Nova III, will not use really advanced concepts such as nuclear propulsion.

The main features of the best Novas are the recoverability of the lower stages after they fall in the ocean and the possibility of external air augmentation and a special nozzle that adjusts to the local outside pressure during the upward flight. One imagines that most taxpayers would wonder why recoverable stages have not been an integral part of NASA's engineering plans from the beginning.

Huge rockets of the Nova order are necessarily restricted to one or two firing locations. High-altitude stations, where considerable efficiency gain occurs during the initial rise of a rocket, cannot be used. Multiple shoots that might be needed in rescue missions become doubtful. A true "workhorse" rocket, engineered for launch simplicity, could be located in a dozen stations around the world and flights made at any moment desired, whereas a Nova at Cape Canaveral might fail to pass its countdown, have to be dragged off the pad or be interdicted by weather or accidents or — who knows? — a wildcat strike.

The vast sums of money spent on projects like Nova are mostly wasted, since they are not really much *newer*, but only *bigger*. NASA claims that Nova will



decrease the present "direct operating costs" of $1,000 per pound of payload in orbit to under $100 per pound. What exactly does this mean? If Nova development cost $5 billion, and this $5 billion were spent instead on $1,000-per-pound orbiting flights using smaller rockets, we could put up 2,500 tons of hardware, about the mass of a large cargo vessel. The dishonesty of these cost arguments should be obvious. If a totally new and larger vehicle like Nova is going to make a great many flights carrying thousands of tons into orbit, then it may be permissible to ignore development costs. But when these costs represent from one-half to 90 per cent of the sum total costs of all orbital flights, then failure to amortize them is scandalous.

Of course the funding of Apollo itself poses a question. NASA chief Webb recently estimated the moon round-trip tickets at $1 to $3 billion, rather than the $20 billion-plus gen-



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erally quoted in the press over the past couple of years. With an annual NASA expenditure of $5 to $6 billion in 1964-69, Webb's latest figures suggest that Apollo is a mere bagatelle, a modest lark involving 3 to 10 per cent of the space budget during this decade. Actually, any study of the NASA budgets shows that over half of all monies go to direct or indirect cost relating to manned-flight operations, of which the primary example is Apollo. One needn't be a very astute Kremlinologist to divine Khrushchev's problem in sitting in on this poker game. If it were merely a matter of a couple of billion dollars spread over six to eight years, K. might deal himself a hand; but the Webb estimate ignores the vast back-up effort without which the Apollo flight is impossible. Aside from the monster bets required even to open the hand, there is always the expectation of unlimited raises, with old mother nature holding all kinds of wild cards in the hole. It is probably also true that K. and his cohorts are aware of the profound distortion of technological methods, direction and education policies produced by a program of this magnitude in a country that is increasingly concerned with growing pains at the consumer level. As far as the United States is concerned, research-and-development funding leading to a manned moon flight will deal a staggering blow to our balanced technological establishment. Those who think we don't have enough city planning engineers or experts in pest control or conservation ecologists should wait until 1970 when the NASA megabucks will have worked their will on our finite pool of youngsters able to master a scientific career.

Taken altogether, the most disturbing characteristic of Apollo is its obvious lack of multiple purposes. The rationale that our Nobel Prize experts and the men heading electronic and airframe outfits use for having a manned flight is that public interest is thereby stimulated. They seem to be saying that there would be no flights and no research in space at all without a massive spectator type of program where all eyes are on the man in the nose of the rocket. But the presence of the astronauts in the Apollo capsule so exacerbates the already formidable problems, so increases the number of extra pads and vehicles, so increases costs in all sorts of specialized areas, that there is little left over for the potentially fruitful and worth-while areas of research and development. In other words, the scientific "public relations" experts have saddled us with a program so wholly committed to a single objective that, instead of promoting space research in its broadest sense, it may actually hinder the proper development of this most interesting technological area.

Of course, not all scientists believe that publicly financed research should necessarily be for the public good. Speaking at the spring meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Urey complained, according to *Aviation Week* (April 29, 1963), that NASA could not show the single-mindedness of purpose common to most scientific research because of increasing outside pressure for divergent, and therefore conflicting, goals. About a similar speech by Dr. Thomas Gold of Cornell, *Aviation Week* reported that Dr. Gold pointed out that significant scientific achievements have always been unexpected, and that scientists could not extrapolate future gains from space research out of presently insufficient knowledge. Political pressures on NASA, Gold noted, were forcing extrapolations of this kind from the scientific community.

Such arrogant nonsense has gone on long enough. Somebody should point out to Urey and Gold that this is no college-basement, super-pure research project involving Professor X and his devoted graduate students. It is an open-ended engineering effort involving $40 billion, every dime of it from taxpayers who have no choice but to trust to people like Urey and Gold that their money will do some good. If NASA can't give a damned good estimate of how applied research in weather prediction, communications, astronomy, high-vacuum technology, geophysics and half a hundred related areas will be improved, then we had better form a posse pretty quickly. The trouble with Congressional probes of NASA has not been that they ask too much about the future use and meaning of this work, but that most members of Congress ask too few questions. A properly planned, multipurpose and multipronged space program just might show a human profit over the long term. NASA's program, whatever the organization men of science may call it, is jerry-built and phony, and lush with public relations stunts better left to circus barkers fronted by astronauts clipping bank-stock coupons.

# ALGERIAN CRISIS . . . . . Alexander Werth

*Paris*

It was M. de Broglie, de Gaulle's Minister in charge of Algerian Affairs, who, in speaking recently to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the National Assembly, used this phrase: "We wouldn't like Algeria to become to us what Cuba is to the United States." The phrase caused something of an uproar but, curiously, having been mentioned once in the press, it has no longer reappeared in any paper. I gather that de Gaulle expressed his displeasure with his minister's "unfortunate formula." "Cuba" implied the breaking off of diplomatic relations, blockades, embargoes and all kinds of other economic sanctions. And this does not enter into de Gaulle's plans for Algeria. His own private view appears to be this: the "Socialist experiment" Ben Bella is carrying out in Algeria, including all his various nationalizations of both French and Algerian property, is of no great interest to France. The French owners of nationalized property are receiving a certain amount of compensation out of the sums granted to Algeria and specially earmarked for the purpose.

There are two questions on which de Gaulle will not compromise with the Algerian Government: (1) the French oil interests in the Sahara



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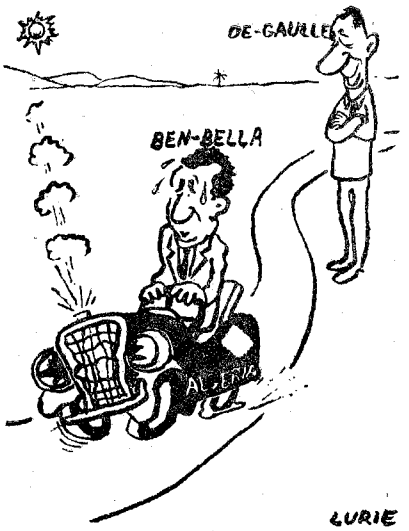


*"How lucky I am to have got rid of this junk!"*

Ben Roth Agency

are to be left intact, whatever Ben Bella may say "for the gallery" about Algeria's being entitled to a fair share of the profits; and (2) the Algerian Government may, for all France cares, protest against the Sahara's being used by France for her atomic tests, but these protests must remain purely platonic. A friend of mine who had a long talk with Ben Bella about a month ago came away with the impression that these were the two questions on which the Algerian president was going to tread very warily indeed.

Apart from these two delicate questions, however, there is no doubt that Ben Bella's Algeria is carrying out a Socialist experiment; and this in itself gives her an exceptional place not only in North Africa, but in Africa generally. As one French journal recently put it: "We don't know yet whether Ben Bella will be the Castro, Nasser or the Tito of Algeria, but he is certainly not a Hassan, a Fulbert Youlou or any other neo-colonialist king or president." No doubt Ben Bella has not been spared criticism on all kinds of counts: first of all, he is accused of dictatorial ambitions and of "totalitarianism"; he is charged with having developed his own "personality cult," and of suffering no criticism from either inside Algeria or outside. Hence the elimination, in a variety of ways, of nearly all the "old guard"—whether the "bourgeois" Ferhat Abbas, now living in more or less forced retirement at Setif, since his break with Ben Bella two months ago; or Boudiaf, Ben Bella's fellow prisoner in France, who has been jailed for allegedly plotting against Algeria with "foreign interests"; or Ait Ahmed, another close associate of Ben Bella's, who started his rebellion (so far, apparently futile) against Algiers in the mountains of Kabylia. Hence also the nationalization of three French-language newspapers in Algeria and, more serious, the expulsion of several French and American newspaper correspondents in Algeria, presumably because they stressed the totalitarian and intolerant nature of Ben Bella's regime. Ben Bella's reply is that he has "the overwhelming majority" of the Algerian people behind him, as the recent elections and referendum showed.

The other criticisms relate to the thorough incompetence and inefficiency of the New Algeria. This is unfair. The war ended only a little more than a year ago. Practically all the French technical cadres left; having lost in the war the great majority of Algerian technicians (and there were mighty few at any time), the new Algerian state had to carry out its Socialist experiment, complete with the nationalization of the large *colon* estates, with an absolute minimum of properly qualified people. Bottlenecks and other organizational difficulties inevitably arose: whereas, in a purely agricultural sense, the large farms taken over from the *colons* have shown no drop in output, there have been enormous marketing difficulties; thus, thousands of tons of tomatoes in the wealthy domains around Algiers were wasted through the lack of a proper marketing organization. But everywhere, under the Ben Bella regime, training courses for skilled labor capable of handling agricultural machinery are being set up; marketing and canning organizations are being built up and, in Ben Bella's view, a reasonably efficient social and economic system will come into being, complete with accountancy organizations, now existing in only the most rudimentary state in the cooperatives, state farms, etc. In his view, the "self-management" experiment in both agriculture and industry will prove a success within the next two years. Ben Bella is also placing great store on education and on the emancipation of women.

The major question that has, of course, often been asked is what kind of "socialism" Ben Bella has in mind. In a recent interview with Claude Estier, representing the near-Communist *Libération*, he said:

> *I am neither a Marxist nor an anti-Marxist. But I realize what our liberation owed to Marxist ideas. . . . When I dissolved the Algerian Communist Party, I made it clear that I was not an anti-Communist, and I continue to be on the best of terms with the Algerian Communists who cooperate loyally with us.*

In other words, the Algerian Communists, to be acceptable, have to integrate themselves into the single party, the FLN, this being, in Ben Bella's words, "the rallying point of all the elements determined to take Algeria along the road of socialism, and avoiding a situation whereby a bureaucratic apparatus would act independently of the popular will." Commenting on this, Estier says that Ben Bella is "an empiricist, rather than an ideologist" but that, by and large, Algeria seems to be moving in the right direction, and that, given sufficient aid from outside (and this includes not only French aid, but also American aid—particularly in food—and Soviet aid — particularly of a technical, economic and financial kind), it ought to be a reasonably well-run concern in two or three years.

This may or may not be so; Algeria, despite heavy casualties during the war, is suffering from overpopulation and unemployment; there are also some particularly "depressed areas" like overpopulated and war-devastated Kabylia, where the feeling that it is being neglected is at the root of the hitherto abortive Kabylian rebellion; the fact that many thousands volunteered for the army the moment the trouble with Morocco started points to a frantic desire to get away from the miserable, unemployed status still shared by more than a million people.

There are half a million Algerians working in France, but the French economy at present cannot absorb many more. As it is, the French have succeeded in the last year in integrating, with a minimum of difficulty, about 800,000 French Algerians when they did not expect, at the time of the Evian Agreements, many more than 200,000. Finding work and houses for a population that size has been one of the major achievements of the



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de Gaulle regime. More significant still, most of these people have adapted themselves surprisingly well to their new environment, and are not the major political problem it was thought they would be. They were generally given long-term credits, jobs and housing priorities, which reconciled most of them to de Gaulle, their "enemy number one."

True, there is still some bitterness left among these people, and no desire to settle in Algeria again; but, as against this, quite a number of French-born Frenchmen have taken jobs in Algeria, particularly in various technical and educational capacities, and are well paid. I know, for example, a secondary school-teacher who, as head of a technical college in Algeria, earns nearly three times more than he earned in France. Whether, under a proper Socialist regime in Algeria, such an anomaly will continue is, of course, doubtful. But at present the Algerians, like the Russians in the 1920s, need skilled people at almost any price.

Whether Ben Bella's Socialist Algeria proves a success or not, it is now quite obvious that this kind of regime is beginning to worry its more conservative neighbors seriously. The "reformist" or, as the Algerians call it, the *immobilist* Tunisian regime of Bourguiba is worried, but the monarchist and ultra-capitalist regime of Hassan II's Morocco is even more so.

This is fully recognized in France by both Morocco's sympathizers on the Right and Algeria's sympathizers on the Left. Thus, the conservative *Figaro* speaks of "the incompatibility of the two regimes," with Ben Bella's socialism "exercising its powers of seduction on certain Moroccan and Tunisian oppositions toward Hassan II and Bourguiba." It also says that the "artificial frontier conflict" between Morocco and Algeria played into the hands of both Hassan II and Ben Bella in that they can divert public attention from their internal difficulties and appeal to the jingoist and nationalist sentiments existing in both countries. What is more, *Figaro* goes so far as to confirm the stories put about in the left-wing press in France that, since the disputed desert territories "may contain some valuable petrol and mineral deposits, all kinds of other interests may well be involved in all this." What the left-wing press, notably *Libération*, says is that the big capitalist mining interests in Morocco are particularly eager to acquire certain Algerian areas rich in coal, iron ore and other mineral deposits.

Although Moroccan troops have been occupying various points inside the Algerian border, and Algerian troops have been occupying one or two points inside the Moroccan border, it seems clear that the frontier operations were started by Morocco on the excuse that in 1961 Ferhat Abbas, then head of the "rebel" Algerian Government, agreed that the administrative border drawn by the French military should not be accepted as the definitive frontier between the two countries after the proclamation of Algeria's independence. But the present quarrel is clearly ideological rather than geographical.

Ben Bella has proposed that the dispute over the frontier be submitted to arbitration by the Addis Ababa United Africa Organization. Bourguiba, on the other hand, is calling for a local settlement of the dispute within the framework of the Maghreb countries, i.e., Tunisia, Morocco, Algeria and Libya. Nasser and the Arab League have meanwhile shown their support for Algeria; Ben Bella, in any case, has refused to talk until the Moroccan troops have pulled out of Algerian territory. Haile Selassie's attempt at mediation came to nothing. But this is only one side of the story. Ben Bella, with the support of Nasser, is trying to isolate Hassan from the rest of the African countries, and particularly the Arab countries. To the Algerian leader, capitalist Morocco is not only enemy number one, but is also highly vulnerable in view of the great opposition in Morocco to Hassan's "feudal" regime.

Now, the case of Morocco has given rise to a great deal of comment in France. Both Left and Right are agreed on one thing: if, between the independence of Morocco in 1955 and the summer of 1963, the country was following a policy of democratic reforms, the great turning point came last summer when Hassan II, scared of the growing opposition, took a sharp turn to the Right. The 1962 constitution seemed to provide the framework for a democratic regime. But on the eve of the municipal elec-

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tions of July, 1963, the Moroccan Government discovered a more or less genuine "plot"; as a result, hundreds of the most important members of the main opposition party, the UNFP (Union Nationale des Forces Populaires) were arrested, and the municipal elections — which, indirectly, were also elections of the Second Chamber — proved a complete mockery.

There is also overwhelming evidence that the UNFP candidates and other oppositionists arrested have been suffering months of ill treatment and torture. A. P. Lentin, one of the best authorities on North Africa in the French press, has published pages of the most lurid details in *Libération*, complete with stories of French torture experts and even old S.S. men taking part in these operations. Even the liberal *Le Monde*, generally favorable to Morocco and King Hassan, has been urging him to abandon his Fascist and absolutist path, totally incompatible with the Moroccan constitution of 1962. The question raised by Prof. Maurice Duverger in *Le Monde* is whether King Hassan will allow Parliament to meet, complete with the opposition deputies now under arrest, or whether the constitution will simply be scrapped and replaced by a more or less official Fascist dictatorship. In addition to the "progressist" UNFP and the Communists, the moderately liberal Istiqlal party (which had played so important a part in Morocco's struggle for independence) also recently became an opposition party; but Hassan, by appealing to their middle-class nationalist sentiments, partly regained their support when he ordered his army to invade Algeria. What is significant, though, is that he should have attacked Algeria and not the Spanish enclaves in Morocco, such as Ifni and Rio del Oro. General Franco is not Hassan's ideological enemy as Ben Bella is. For, despite Algerian poverty and mismanagement, Ben Bella has succeeded, with his "socialism," in building himself up as a major revolutionary force in the eyes of the depressed and oppressed multitudes of the Moroccan opposition.

The war between Morocco and Algeria has amounted to no more than a few frontier clashes (in which a few lives have, however, already been lost). There is also the still somewhat obscure story of the five Egyptians who were captured by the Moroccans. Had Nasser sent them to help the Algerians?

Whether Ben Bella is going about it well or not, he is at least trying to do something that neither Morocco nor Tunisia has done. In the opinion of many French observers his effort is all the more praiseworthy since he embarked on his experiment in conditions far more difficult than any that ever existed in either Tunisia or Morocco—that is, after a particularly devastating seven-year war. And one thing is certain: throughout Africa, Algeria has become the object of the greatest interest and curiosity. If France, the United States and even Russia (with a $100 million program) are all helping, it is not, of course, out of sheer kindness of heart; 80 per

cent of Algeria's foreign trade is with France, and both sides enjoy preferential tariffs and benefit from prices above world prices; most of France's oil comes from what is technically Algeria; and France has a monopoly in the shipping between the two countries. And, as in so many other cases, the United States and the Soviet Union are, by helping Algeria, limiting each other's influence in that country.

Although Russia has, on the whole, sided with Algeria rather than with Morocco, she also is anxious to bring about a peaceful settlement, if only because she would be reluctant to break her many useful contacts in Morocco.

# DIAL 2122428180 . . . . . Wesley Marx

Not only the New York Yankees were found vincible in October. Another organization accustomed to having its own way, American Telephone & Telegraph, was temporarily enjoined from spreading its latest technological plague, all-numeral calling (ANC) or digit dialing, in California. A modest citizens' group managed this feat, and the group's success suggests that time and arrogance are finally catching up with A.T.&T.

Only an IBM machine can truly appreciate the decision to go to ANC. The telephone company predicts that by 1985 the United States will have as many phones as people —280 million. The company feels the present dial system does not provide enough telephone number combinations to accommodate this ringing future. In addition to providing more combinations, an all-number dial provides uniformity. No more BUtterfields, YUkons or SYcamores, just numbers. And uniformity, as any IBM machine will tell you, is the soul mate of efficiency.

Growth, Progress, Uniformity — it's enough to convince anybody — except the person who uses ANC. He discovers that the numerical nightmares of ANC are neither simple to remember nor efficient to use. Besides aiding the memory, those obsolete letter prefixes are very efficient in identifying telephone numbers that lie outside one's toll-free area. The telephone company commiserates, but we all know what Growth means. "Growth means Change and a Population Explosion means ANC (A Necessary Change)," lectures one telephone brochure. For remaining doubters and/or dunces the phone company makes available an eighteen-minute film entitled "Mr. Digit and the Battle of Bubbling Brook." But even Mr. Digit can't enlighten some people. They complain—get this—that VAlencia, ORchard and LUdlow are just nice and aesthetic to have

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around instead of serial numbers. But then there's always one or two in a crowd, isn't there?

Despite the company's patient efforts to educate the telephone public, a group of San Francisco people formed an Anti Digit Dialing League. Today 3,500 members pay $2 annual dues and wear a black-and-white lapel button shaped like a telephone dial—without numbers. Who are some of the finks who would stop progress, the population explosion and A.T.&T.? President of the league is Hiram Johnson, III, grandson and namesake of the Senator who campaigned against the Southern Pacific Railroad when it was known as the Octopus. S. I. Hayakawa, the noted semanticist, is a director. The volunteer counsel is a San Francisco lawyer of national repute, Melvin Belli (YUkon 1-1849). An insurance trade journal refers to Belli's success in personal injury suits—in one six-month period his clients won $1.5 million in damages—as "one of the real threats to the automobile insurance industry."

The league got the busy signal from Pacific Tel, A.T.&T.'s California subsidiary. According to Belli, the company repeatedly refused "to discuss this new scheme (ANC) responsibly and to present valid reasons for it." After being told to Think Bigger, Think Ahead and see Mr. Digit if there were any more questions, the league went to see the California Public Utilities Commission, empowered to regulate Pacific Tel. The commission was also receiving complaints about ANC from the Utility Users League, a Los Angeles group led by Edward Blincoe. The commission ordered public hearings on ANC.

Pacific Tel turned from Mr. Digit to its legal department. "The telephone company has never pretended that it [ANC] is the only solution [to growth]," testified Pacific Tel attorney, Francis Marshall, "but it has presented a case showing that it is the least expensive and the least disruptive solution." But for whom? At the hearings Los Angeles printer Chester Lydai estimated that Los Angeles professional people—doctors, lawyers, dentists — spent $200,000 to change their business ads and letterheads to the new ANC listings. Many were forced to make another costly printing change back to the old letter prefixes. (The numbered prefixes correspond on the dial to the old letter prefixes, a fact which the league stresses would facilitate the return to the old system.) Confused clients couldn't tell by the numbered prefix where the doctor or lawyer was located and whether the call would be out of their local calling area. Los Angeles contractor Terry Garabedian said his phone bill went up $30 to $50 a month with the advent of ANC because of "many salesmen dialing the wrong numbers and dialing into zones they have no business dialing into, because they don't know where they are dialing."

ANC seemed to disrupt memories

as well as phone bills. "I've got a helluva good memory for telephone numbers," testified semanticist Hayakawa, "but with all numbers I can't even remember a prefix across the [San Francisco] Bay." A Pacific Tel attorney kindly confirmed such human difficulty by accidentally transposing an ANC number in his notes during the hearings. An observant James Oppen, an attorney joining in the action against ANC, immediately called the attorney to the stand to testify to his difficulty with ANC. Observed Johnson, "You make one little mistake and the whole thing is out of kilter: 801 (area code) is Canada, 808 is Hawaii and 805, for some unknown reason, is Bakersfield, California." As Belli was careful to point out, the telephone company profits by, rather than pays for, such errors of complex uniformity.

Faced with this critique of ANC, Pacific Tel reverted to the dogma of uniformity. "We feel that all phone numbers should be the same, of the same type, in order to keep dial errors at the lowest possible level," explained a Pacific Tel traffic engineer, Neil Calderwood. Calderwood added that the majority of telephone users, in contrast to the league, seemed to accept the gift of uniformity willingly. Belli wondered if Calderwood arrived at this conclusion by polling people who have to use ANC. He was told that Pacific Tel does not run its business on popularity polls. Belli turned to some organizations that have a higher regard for public reaction. After asking readers to send in ballots indicating approval or disapproval of ANC, the *San Francisco Chronicle* found that 66 per cent were opposed to ANC. The *Chronicle* also found out that someone or some organization enjoyed sending in sixty to seventy ballots of approval in one envelope. The newspaper then conducted a telephone poll and the percentage of opposition rose to 80 per cent. In Los Angeles County, the most populous county in the state, state Senator Thomas Rees reported, "To date I have not found one private citizen who is for all-digit dialing."

Belli wondered if there were other dialing alternatives to the Population Explosion that might be palpable to the public as well as A.T.&T. Calderwood admitted that adding exchanges like AQ or AZ would provide the needed increase of combinations while retaining letter prefixes. But such a system just couldn't be. "It would eliminate the simplicity of the uniform system," lamented Marshall. Commented Johnson to the commission, "Apparently the telephone company, like so many great corporations, is obsessed with the curse of bigness; they have a desire for uniformity."

The company was so obsessed that conversion to ANC continued while hearings on ANC's future or lack of one progressed. By early September of this year 70 per cent of California was ANC. "I am shocked beyond words," Belli wrote to the commission, "that a litigant [Pacific Tel] would arrogantly advise the public that it is going ahead with its program . . . while the program is under specific judicial review." On October 1, the commission ordered a halt to ANC conversion pending "final decision on the issues raised by the complainants." The commission has concluded the hearings and is now faced with 3,200 pages of testimony to review.

The restraining order is the first



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of its kind. A.T.&T. has converted about half the nation to ANC and expects to finish the purge of letters by 1965. The league is out seeking more such orders and less conversion. After a phone official told him New York would be the last to convert to ANC, New York *Herald Tribune* columnist Jimmy Breslin wrote, "The last? The word is never. Belli is in town and we have leadership, mister." Belli told the inspired Breslin that the league is presently working on a booklet titled, "How to Murder the Telephone Company," and the attorney then outlined one tactic of active nonviolence.

> *At a prescribed time people all over the country will dial an operator and demand that she connect them with Mr. George Funkernicke, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio. If he is not at home, find out where he is and reach him there. No, we don't want to be connected with information. No, we don't want area codes. We are through doing the telephone company's work. We want to speak to our party in Dayton and if he isn't there, find out where he is.*

Whether or not the league succeeds in halting ANC, it is congealing growing resentment against A.T.&T.'s ignorance and arrogance about public needs. The company that can devise Telestar can't seem to devise a device that would allow a person to alert the police to a lewd or suspicious call. The private home is also open game for another breed of dial-happy souls. A.T.&T. obligingly lists telephone subscribers by street address to aid phone-blitz warriors in converting the home into a positive Pavlovian delight. Yet the resulting phone bills from health hucksters, dance mongers and cosmetic canvassers apparently don't satisfy the telephone company. In addition to the complaints against ANC, the California commission is reviewing charges by its investigative staff that Pacific Tel made $32 million in excess profits last year. In suggesting where some of this excess might be cut, the Los Angeles City Attorney has urged that toll-trap barriers which criss-cross metropolitan areas be lowered.

Meanwhile Pacific Tel, complaining about the high cost of Progress, Telestar, etc., has requested a rate increase that would bag an additional $44 million a year. But the fellow who uses the phone couldn't care less about having a direct line to Smolensk or the moon. "Do you make direct digit-dialing calls to Afghanistan, Turkey or Arabia?" was the rhetorical question addressed to witnesses by Blincoe at the ANC hearings. As the Anti Digit Dialing League and the Utility Users League point out, the public, particularly in this day of traffic-congested cities, depends on the phone much more as a local (rather than international) means of communication and would appreciate having such communication made easier rather than obstructed by toll traps, phone-blitz warriors and seven-digit memory breakers.

There is even some indication that A.T.&T. is getting the message; last year its public relations budget was hiked $51.4 million. But A.T.&T. already devotes too much attention to salving its corporate ego. Chairman Frederick Kappel, bridling over government meddling, characteristically griped to a *Look* reporter, "It's the one-legged ex-motorcycle cop and the ex-drugstore clerk who get to be [state utility] commissioner who know all about it." Fortunately, when A.T.&T. doesn't pay attention to people who use phones, the one-legged ex-motorcycle cop does.

# RED TRAWLERS

# Encroaching Fishermen . . . . . William S. Ellis

Suddenly, Congress gets the picture: the seas have parted to reveal a nasty Red monster, ready to blow its fiery breath on free enterprise. Quickly and dutifully, Congress reacts. As a result, more attention is now being paid to the commercial fishing industry than at any time since Spencer Tracy squeezed a concertina in *Captains Courageous*.

It has all happened in the past year. A procession of bills designed to aid the industry has moved in both the House and Senate; newspapers have attempted (with little success) to untangle for their readers the vast complexities of geography and law that apply to competitive fishing on an international scale; and television has taken us directly to the scenes at sea.

As recently as last year, I wrote (*The Nation*, April 28, 1962) that this country's commercial fishing industry was in danger of dying, and that the government didn't seem anxious to do anything about it. Some, notably Benjamin Smith, former Senator from Massachusetts, made heroic efforts to cut through the apathy, but their voices went unheard.

What is responsible for the sudden marked improvement in the climate for fisheries legislation? More than anything else it is the continued presence of the Russian fishing fleet off New England. These vessels, numbering more than 200 at times, are like a rash on our cold-war-conditioned sense of security; and no amount of itching, it seems, will make them go away. They are big, modern, well-equipped fishing boats, capable of making a shambles of any grounds they work. And they are working the rich fisheries off our northeast coast as if they were on the last day of a five-year plan.

At first, Washington tended to ignore the Russians. In fact, the rude but not unlawful invasion of our traditional fishing grounds was accepted as a painless concession to the cause of better Soviet-American relations. The reasoning seemed

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to be that as long as the industry was dying anyway, why not mark the grave with an olive branch rather than an arrow? The government was correct, of course, when it pointed out that it could not stop the Russians from fishing there; they were close to our shores, but not close enough to violate our three-mile territorial water limit. It could also be said that by condemning the Russians for competing against us in an open economic situation like commercial fishing, we would be condemning free enterprise, the quintessence of America's ideological arsenal.

Resentment of the Red fleet, which is vastly superior to anything ever seen at any of the North Atlantic fisheries, began to mount when it was disclosed that trawlers out of New England ports were being harassed. One boat was rammed; others became entangled in discarded Russian net material; and a ninety-foot redfish dragger out of Portland, Maine, snagged a Russian submarine (submarines and helicopters complement the might of the uninvited visitors) in its nets, and suffered damages amounting to thousands of dollars.

At the same time, a new voice was being heard in the Senate. It expressed concern about the Soviet fishermen and asked the State Department to file a "strong, formal protest" over the "exploitation" of international waters off New England. Senator Edward M. Kennedy was speaking. About a month later, Kennedy announced that the State Department had assured him it was moving to obtain international controls over fishing in the Northwest Atlantic.

A new image of the American fisherman—long the embodiment of a fierce, founding-father type of resourcefulness—was etched on the conscience of Congress. It was one thing for him to be in trouble of his and his own government's making, but quite another to be pushed around by the Russians. Thus, the following actions were quickly taken:

— A bill to arrest, fine and jail foreign poachers who fish within the territorial waters of the United States was passed by the Senate and sent along to the House. It provided for fines up to $10,000 and a year's imprisonment, and also made the foreign vessel and its catch subject to seizure. Edwin J. Rowland, commandant of the Coast Guard, terms this "an excellent tool" to combat intruders.

— A bill to increase federal subsidies for construction of commercial fishing vessels, from 33⅓ per cent up to as much as 55 per cent of the cost, was passed by the Senate and is now awaiting action by the House.

— Senate bill S627 calls for an annual appropriation of $5 million to establish fisheries research programs. The money is to be parceled out to individual states. Passed by the Senate, the bill is now in committee in the House.

— Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall in late October announced that a ten-year program, designed to revitalize the fishing industry, will be conducted by the Interior's Bureau of Commercial Fisheries. The program will concentrate on three areas: research, development and services to the industry. (In Washington's memo-writing circles, the overall program will be known as "Trident," after Neptune's three-pronged spear.)

Yet none of this action will have a direct effect on what is chiefly responsible for its introduction: the presence of the Russian trawlers. The only course open to this country in that respect is to extend its boundaries of territorial waters.

There is nothing to limit the number of nautical miles a nation can claim for its territorial waters, other than its ability to patrol the

area effectively. Twenty-eight nations enforce a broader limit than our own three miles—Chile, Ecuador and Peru, for example, each claims jurisdiction over 200 miles. Of more importance to this country is Canada's announced intention to extend its limit to twelve miles starting next May. Since many New England fishermen now work the waters to be taken in by the Canadian grab, the action would deal another blow to the already reeling industry. However, Canadian officials have given assurances that vessels out of United States ports will be allowed to retain their "traditional" fishing rights — that is, they will be allowed to fish where they have always fished.

Territorial offshore limits throughout the world are marked by buoys of confusion. Some are rigidly enforced (witness Iceland's firing on British fishermen in 1960), whereas others are meaningless lines on dusty charts. Some nations allow certain other nations to violate their limits for the purpose of fishing; still others permit "innocent passage" within claimed boundaries—meaning, for instance, that if a Russian trawler wants to pass more closely than three miles to the Florida coast while going to Cuba, it can do so, provided it doesn't send someone ashore to drop poison pellets in the drinking water supply at Port Charlotte.

Incorporated in the Senate-approved bill to increase subsidies for construction of fishing boats is a proposal to extend our territorial limits to cover the waters of the Continental Shelf. This would indeed be a major departure from the traditional three miles, since the Continental Shelf extends as much as 180 miles into the Atlantic at a point off Massachusetts, and as far



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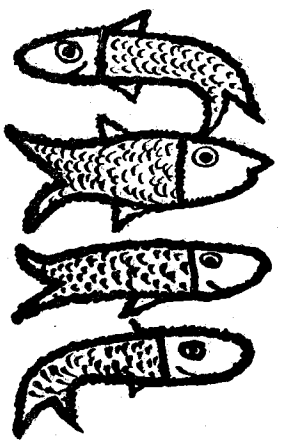
as 125 miles into the Gulf of Mexico off the Texas-Louisiana border. At other points, such as offshore along the Florida coast, the shelf narrows to about ten miles.

Under the proposal, it would be left up to the President to define the limits beyond which Russian and other foreign vessels would have to operate. The confusion and complexities wrapped in such a move are immense, and the likelihood of its working out to anyone's advantage is remote. A more realistic action would be to set a standard twelve-mile territorial limit for all nations, as was proposed at Geneva's 1960 International Convention on Laws of the Sea (where it failed ratification by one vote).

No matter what bills are passed



by Congress, it is difficult to conceive of meaningful fisheries action on a single-country level. The problem is too international in scope. There is even a pressing need for consolidation of the multi-nation fisheries treaties now in effect. For example, Japan is signatory to a treaty with Canada and the United States, the terms of which govern much of the multimillion-dollar North Pacific commercial fishing industry. It also has an agreement with Russia concerning the number of Siberian-spawned salmon it may catch. By getting the catch restrictions of the former relaxed, Japan would be in a better position to negotiate the latter. And that is what it has recently succeeded in doing, much to the dismay of those who realize the importance of not only maintaining but increasing conservation practices in the fisheries.

The sharpness of the competition in commercial fishing is like a knife piercing the heart of conservation. The Russians alone took almost 450 million pounds of fish from Georges Bank and the Gulf of Maine in 1962. To do so they used large quantities of net with inner-lining mesh of less than half an inch. The minimum mesh size authorized by the International Convention for the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries, of which Russia is a member, is four inches. The Russians, then, sweep up everything — baby feed fish, cigarette-size herring, even mud. Nothing is thrown back. "They don't even give handouts to sea gulls," said a fisherman on a trawler out of Boston.

As harmful as these fishing methods are, it must be remembered that fish is an essential part of the protein diet for the people of most nations. And mounting populations and growing world hunger are turning more and more to the sea for food. The Russians did not come 4,000 miles to Georges Bank simply to strut their rudders in some teasing, exasperating cold-war choreography. They came for fish—fish desperately needed in a country troubled by food shortages.

Russia is not alone in this far-ranging search for protein. A Japanese fishing vessel was sighted this summer trawling along the South Atlantic coast of the United States.

"We have cause to suspect there are plans for it [the Japanese boat] to fish for shrimp in the Gulf," said Frank P. Briggs, assistant secretary for fish and wildlife, U.S. Department of the Interior. "There can be no doubt that fishing in the Gulf of Mexico will be greatly intensified in the near future."

Still, this plundering of the fisheries must stop if the sea is to continue to be harvested in the years ahead. It will not be an easy thing to accomplish, since neither Russia nor Japan is conservation-minded. What Russia is doing in the Atlantic (and what Japan would like to do in the Pacific) has shocked fishermen in this country, although they, more than anyone else, should know that effective conservation measures seldom succeed in an economic situation where the basic product is free for the taking. It does little good for Titus Peavy of Gloucester to cut down on his catch of cod if Vladimir Karamazov is going to work the same grounds and double his catch.

It has even reached the irrational point where in some fisheries more fish can be caught only by cutting down on the number of fishermen. It has been estimated that if the fishing efforts on the North Sea were cut in half, allowing the stocks to recover, the catch would increase as much as 30 per cent. Then, too, there is the puzzling spectacle of massive fleets covering the waters of the North Pacific in search of salmon. In a situation of less cutting competition, the expense of going to sea might be saved by waiting for the salmon to return to the rivers of their origin.

There seems to be only one way in which reduction of fishing activities can be accomplished: the successful mating of international law to more realistic objectives in commercial fishing. The result will have to be an all-encompassing, enforceable agreement demanding rigid adherence, and it can probably best be drafted within the framework of the United Nations. Until this is achieved, the long-range outlook remains shadowed with doubts; meanwhile, the new-found expressions of Congressional sympathy for the commercial fishermen of this country do little more than provide the industry with a second wind in the mad race to grab off as much fish in as short a time as possible.

So that the United States fishing industry can take the lead in searching for a workable agreement, as it must do if a lead is to be taken at all, it must first clean the cobwebs out of its own house. It needs to fill the management vacuum that for so long has branded the industry as undisciplined. It needs to abandon its dedication to a once splendid, but now moldy, system of rough-and-ready commerce. It needs to learn to use political tools. It needs, in short, to learn to live with the times.

There are those who seem anxious to have the industry hide its shortcomings behind a cold-war cover. It is easy to say that the Russian trawlers off our shores are responsible for bringing the industry to its knees. But commercial fishermen in this country were in that position long before the Russians came; only now, as they try to straighten up, are their joints cracking for all the world to hear.



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# Crusade in America

*MANDATE FOR CHANGE. The White House Years, 1953-1956.* By Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday & Co. 650 pp. $6.95.

George G. Kirstein

It is a rare literary event when a book is published which one can predict with certainty will be read by historians and scholars as long as men speak the English language. *Mandate for Change* will so survive, not because of its intrinsic merit, but because of the eminence of its author and the power inherent in the offices he held. Recognizing that posterity will judge this book by different criteria than will the author's contemporaries, I feel that the reviewer has an obligation to reveal his prejudices, if any, so that the prospective purchaser of this volume may judge whether he is reading a book review or a political essay.

My own conviction is that no American alive today deserves better at the hands of his fellow countrymen than the victorious General of the Armies who became the twice-elected President of the United States. From the time he entered West Point as a cadet to the moment of the inauguration of his successor, with the exception of a brief interval as president of a great university, Dwight D. Eisenhower devoted his life to government service. During his administration, while this magazine was under my direction, we declined to indulge in the fashionable but tasteless references to the frequency of his golf games or to tease about his often-confused grammatical syntax. While we frequently criticized his actions and those of his administration, we made an effort to treat the man editorially with the dignity and respect he so richly deserved. While we did not support either of his Presidential candidacies, our reasoning, in his second campaign at least, was based more on fears for his health than on any profound preference for his opponent, particularly as Mr. Stevenson revealed himself in the 1956 campaign. I disclose these possibly irrelevant attitudes because as a reviewer I must confess that this book did not strengthen my high regard for its author. Indeed, it had the opposite effect.

In the first place, his account not only lacks entirely the grandeur of literary style that distinguished his good friend Winston Churchill's memoirs of wartime leadership, it does not even approach the stylistic quality of the author's own previous fine book, *Crusade in Europe*. Possibly General Eisenhower felt more at ease discussing military matters, as contrasted to political events, or perhaps the passage of years since the earlier volume has sapped his energies; or — and from internal evidence this is the most likely supposition—perhaps he wrote *Mandate for Change* without sufficient professional help. Whatever the reason, this book, viewed purely as a literary effort, is without distinction.

Quite apart from the author's shortcomings, the publisher does not seem to have treated the book with the care one would expect. Certainly most editors would have suggested changes in such sentences as, "During the campaign the Vice President carried on a vigorous effort to . . . give visibility to Republican accomplishments. . . ." —or called the author's attention to the awkwardness of, "Then, quickly and partially extemporaneously, I turned to our new proposal." In addition, the proofreaders missed at least one typographical error (page 493), and several of the appendices carry neither title nor date.

Turning from trivia to what the reader may hope to learn from this book, it is easier to start with the negative. The most careful reader will not gain any new view of known events nor discover that any significant facts are here disclosed for the first time. For example, take the revolutions in Iran and Guatemala, the outcomes of which were both of prime interest to the United States. With respect to the Iranian Premier's downfall we are told, "Then, suddenly and dramatically, the opposition to Mossadegh and the Communists—by those loyal to the Shah—began to work. The Iranian Army turned against officers whom Mossadegh had installed." See! No CIA —no American intervention—just a self-igniting and spontaneous reversal of political mood by the masses and the Army. With respect to the overthrow of a duly elected government in Guatemala we read, "The major factor in the successful outcome was the disaffection of the Guatemalan armed forces and the population as a whole with the tyrannical regime of Arbenz." Now General Eisenhower knows, as we all know, that Ambassador Peurifoy and the CIA are entitled to the credit — or the blame — for this revolution. I can readily understand that an ex-President, just as much as an incumbent, is bound by security considerations when discussing the operations of a secret governmental agency like the CIA. None the less, General Eisenhower is less than forthright with us in these two cases, and throughout the book he adds little to what is already public knowledge.

Where he is enlightening—and the reason that the book is well worth study—is that a leading world figure in the history of his era gives us a deep insight into the qualities that endeared him to the American people. The many extracts from his personal diary and the several letters to his close friend, Everett ("Swede") Hazlett, reveal the author at his sincere and warm best. An example of the inherent decency and honor of the man is his attitude to the party platform which the Republicans adopted at the 1952 convention and on which he successfully conducted his Presidential campaign. He describes his very first White House meeting with leaders of his own party less than a week after his inauguration as follows:

> *In this first meeting I said first that it was my intention to redeem the pledges of the platform and the campaign. To my astonishment, I discovered that some of the men in the room could not seem to understand the seriousness with which I regarded our platform's provisions, and were amazed by my uncompromising assertion that I was going to do my best to fulfill every promise. . . .*

Two years later at a meeting of Republican legislative leaders, he records:

> *. . . though I did not consider my views sacrosanct, I did believe that the party had to redeem its platform pledge. . . .*

Of this same meeting, he explains:

> *I just wanted all Republicans to keep working for every single item we, as a party, had promised the nation.*

One can almost see the barely suppressed grins of the attending hard-nosed politicians. But here is a man



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of honor—of naïveté no doubt—but an essentially honorable man.

There is no purpose in laboring this point. No one who lived under the Eisenhower administration and pretended to objectivity doubted the inherent decency of the man. Nor could we doubt the sincere desire of an old soldier, who had seen too much bloodshed, for peace. His book confirms that within the somewhat narrow framework of his convictions, the search for peace was his dearest endeavor. He describes his well-remembered speech to the American people on the eve of his departure to the abortive Geneva Summit Conference as follows:

> *We want peace, I said, and pessimism never won a battle. Peoples everywhere wanted peace, I said—a peace in which they could live happily and in confidence. To show the world America's earnest desire for peace, I asked that all Americans, on the next Sabbath, crowd the places of worship. . . .*

Peace he wanted, an abstract peace—a peace to be won more by prayer than through any negotiations with an enemy which, by all tenets of Eisenhower's morality, should be willing to concede its own basic and instrinsic evil.

His views on communism are so typically American that one can only smile at the insanity of the Birchites who charge him with being "a conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." Here are only a few typical descriptions of the forces with whom he was seeking peace: "Soviet conspiracy," "Communist enslavement of millions, "Communist aggression" and "the diabolical threat of international communism." He was convinced that this conspiracy was not only an external threat but internal as well. He cites with the pride of accomplishment the statistics of terminations from the government service which resulted from his effective loyalty program.

> *During the course of 1953-54, 8008 cases of security risks were identified by properly appointed boards. As a result 3002 were dismissed as security risks, and 5006 resigned before their cases were acted upon.*

One's eyes fill at the thought of the family tragedies encompassed by these barren statistics. Peace he wanted and peace he hopelessly sought, but he neither believed that we could negotiate effectively with our untrustworthy antagonists nor did he even have faith that federal employees would necessarily make a wise choice as between our own and the rival system.

One aspect of the book will interest his contemporaries rather than future historians — his attitude toward his vice president, Richard Nixon, who is again emerging as a potential Presidential candidate. During his tenure of office, rumor persisted that President Eisenhower, despite his frequent protestations to the contrary, disliked his understudy. Of his choice of Nixon on the 1952 Republican ticket, the author writes:

> *But the feature that especially appealed to me was the reputation that Congressman Nixon had achieved for fairness in the investigating process. Not once had he overstepped the limits prescribed by the American sense of fair play or American rules. . . . He did not persecute or defame. This I greatly admired.*

I'm speechless.

With respect to domestic matters President Eisenhower took pride in the fact that he stood squarely in the middle of the road. He sums up his political credo:

> *The generality that I advance is merely this: excluding the field of moral values, anything that affects or is proposed for masses of humans is wrong if the position it seeks is at either end of possible argument.*

As I said at the outset, this book will live into the boundless future; this review will be forgotten next week, even by those few who read it. Yet if I could communicate with future readers of *Mandate for Change*, I would say to them, "Study the book well, for this man, more than most, had the virtues of his country and his era. He was trusted, and because he was trusted he was loved. He was chosen by his countrymen as their leader in war and in peace because he typified them—in both their virtues and their faults. If you do not think well of him, you would not have thought well of us, for the vast majority of us believed as he did, and his leadership reflected our composite views." So would I say to future historians. To my contemporaries I say that General Eisenhower is a man completely without guile, a man of consistency in action and predictability in thought. The reader of this volume will search in vain for any evidence of meaningful self-criticism or of any deep understanding of the real problems that confront us. And because he is so much what he is, so predictable, and so steadfastly true to his own concepts of morality, he suffers one minor flaw. The man, like his book, is a bore.

# Prophet to the End

*THE PROPHET OUTCAST: Trotsky, 1929-1940.* By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 543 pp. $9.50.

Harry Braverman

In 1940, as King Haakon of Norway and his ministers waited despondently for the British warship that was to take them into exile, their talk turned to an incident of four years before. Leon Trotsky, stateless and pursued not only by Stalin but by right-wing extremists and Fascists, had found refuge in Norway. After only a year, the Norwegian Government, harassed by both Stalin and the Nazis, moved to expel him on a charge pressed by Vidkun Quisling's small pro-Nazi group. At the Ministry of Justice, surrounded by officials and police, Trotsky thundered at Trygve Lie:

> *This is your first act of surrender to Nazism in your own country. You will pay for this. You think yourselves secure and free to deal with a political exile as you please. But the day is near—remember this!—the day is near when the Nazis will drive you from your country, all of you together with your* Pantoffel-Minister-President.

This was the prophecy which the king and his ministers, one of them struggling "to keep back my tears," now recalled.

Many others were compelled to come to terms with the words of the oracle. Russian oppositionists who had capitulated to Stalin as the successes of Soviet industrialization mounted, later pondered Trotsky's warnings while they awaited the executioner's bullet in the cellars of the GPU. Germans and Europeans of every nationality, caught in the toils of Hitlerism, reflected whether even the most desperate measures urged by an anguished Trotsky in the fateful years of the Nazis' ascent to power would not

*Harry Braverman, whose* The Future of Russia *(Macmillan) has just been issued, is an editor in a New York publishing house.*



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have been better. American and British editors who, early in the summer of 1939, rejected as "without news value" an article by Trotsky warning that Hitler was about to make a pact with Stalin, had second thoughts about matching their judgment against that of the formidable soothsayer. Liberals who had endorsed the Moscow Trials later had occasion to cover up their confusion by demanding to know why Khrushchev did not speak out against the purges in 1937. And in Moscow itself, Stalin's heirs in power have found themselves forced, after many decades, to come to grips with the heretical issues raised in the twenties and thirties by the banished revolutionary.

"All armed prophets have conquered, and the unarmed ones have been destroyed," wrote Machiavelli in a paragraph from which Isaac Deutscher took the titles of the first and second volumes of his massive and brilliant biography. Now, in the final volume, which takes the story from exile on the Turkish island of Prinkipo to the final episodes in Mexico and the assassination by a GPU agent, the prophet outcast remains prophet to the end.

Trotsky's biographer has confronted a task of incredible difficulty. Historians tend to express the consensus of an age, but about Trotsky there is as yet no consensus. From the start of his last exile to the present, he has found no haven in a divided world. In the West, his message of classic Marxism and revolution is scorned, and such sympathy as has been granted him focuses on his heroic personality, astounding deeds and powerfully expressive literary style. In his "own" Soviet camp, his name is still anathema, uttered in public only with curses. The outline of his life and ideas has been buried under a mountain of calumny contributed by both sides. Since the first requirement of objectivity is the restoration of Trotsky as actuality in place of Trotsky as ogre or myth, the task called for a biographer of strong sympathies with the man and his work.

In filling this role, Deutscher is by no means uncritical. As one of the leaders of an anti-Stalinist Communist group in Poland during the thirties, he disagreed at that time with Trotsky's view that a new International was practicable, and disagrees with him in retrospect on other issues. What is most important, he is himself a first-class exponent of classical Marxism, and brings to his task a long immersion in Socialist politics of the period between wars. Adding to these qualities those of a conscientious researcher and scrupulous historian, a penetrating comprehension of the issues under discussion, and a style as vivid as it is lucid, he has produced a biography of Trotsky that is at once exposition, critique and tribute.

What distinguishes these three volumes above all is that, almost alone among historical writings on the Soviet Union, they have utilized the rich experience of the post-Stalin era intelligently and with full appreciation of its historical relevance to light up the dark and tangled struggles of earlier years. For this reason his trilogy transcends biography and history to stand as one of the major political works of the postwar period.

Having been granted access by Trotsky's wife to the closed section of the Trotsky archives at Harvard, Deutscher, in this final volume, has been able to paint a portrait which in depth and complexity, pathos and humanity, will surprise even those who have followed most closely the Trotsky record and the Trotsky legend. The man who emerges from these pages concealed weaknesses and tremors beneath the indomitable exterior — human flaws


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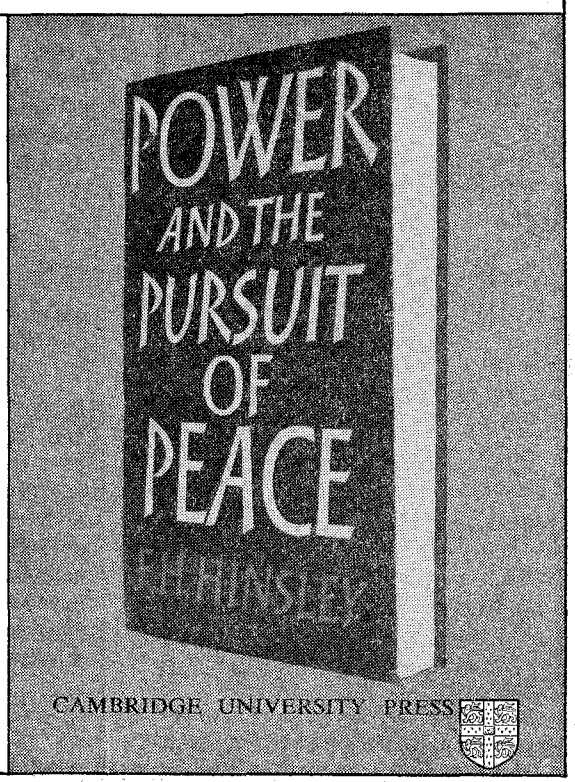





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which make that exterior if anything more impressive.

In his years of exile, Trotsky set himself the related tasks of keeping alive the tradition of classical Marxism and breathing life into a new Communist movement based upon that tradition. Brilliantly successful in the first of these undertakings, he failed altogether in the second. In retrospect, it is clear that his success and his failure are closely bound up with each other.

Trotsky staked all on the ability of the working classes of the Western countries to create a new society through their own direct revolutionary action, and to rule that society themselves, without bureaucratic trustees or political surrogates. This vision, inherent in Marxism, was raised to exalted heights by Trotsky against both bourgeois and Stalinist opponents. On it, he tried to base his new world party. But it is precisely this vision which the past half-century has not brought closer to realization. Of Trotsky's supreme goal Deutscher realistically notes that the "advanced West," instead of moving toward socialism, has formed itself into a bulwark against it where it has arisen in the "backward countries." To this he can only add a footnote: "Whether Trotsky's prognostications about the 'advanced West' will look as unreal towards the end of this century as they did at its middle, must, of course, remain an open question." It is on this "open question" that the fate of classical Marxism ultimately hangs, and it is with this question which new generations of Marxists, if there be any worthy of the name, must deal.

# Worn Elastic

*THE COLLECTOR.* By John Fowles. Little, Brown & Co. 305 pp. $4.95.

Morris Renek

John Fowles writes poetry when he can, and anyone who wants to be a poet deserves to make a living any way he can this side of the law—even if it means writing such pretentious potboilers as *The Collector.* Mr. Fowles is also the head of the English Department of a large college in London. Nothing to complain about here. Grub Street is the longest street in the world.

*Morris Renek is a poet and novelist. He is the author of* The Big Hello *(Dial Press).*

But, alas, Professor Fowles takes himself with deadly solemnity. This worn elastic suspense novel is cheap in sentiment, shallow in thought and crude in symbols. A drab, impotent clerk kidnaps a lovely, leftist girl and causes her death through his neurosis. It hints at being quite sexy, but the miss is as good as a mile. This is the fable of the dragon and the damsel in modern psychological undress, only the dragon in this fable has his fire ditched.

To read *The Collector* is to appreciate Graham Greene. Mr. Greene has the good sense and fair play to label his books of this sort "entertainments," and they are superb of their kind. Greene has a nose for plot and in his best thrillers doesn't palm you off with soggy psychological probings and metaphysical flights, susceptible as he may be to this style in other areas of his writing.

*The Collector* reminds one of its

## For Example

**Sometimes you meet an old man**
**whose fist isn't clenched blue-white.**
**Someone like that old poet**

**whose grained palm once travelled**
**the bodies of sick children.**
**Back in the typed line**

**was room for everything: the blue**
**grape hyacinth patch,**
**the voluntary touch**

**of cheek on breast, the car**
**alert for a changed heartbeat**
**and for other sounds too**

**that live in a typed line:**
**breath of animals, stopping**
**and starting up of busses,**

**trashfires in empty lots.**
**Attention once given**
**returned again as power.**

**An old man's last few evenings**
**might be inhabited**
**not by a public —**

**fountains of applause off**
**auditorium benches,**
**tributes read at hotel banquets —**

**but by reverberations**
**the ear had long desired,**
**accepted and absorbed.**

**The late poem might be written**
**in a night suddenly awake**
**with quiet new sounds**

**as when a searchlight plays**
**against the dark bush-tangle**
**and birds speak in reply.**

***Adrienne Rich***



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superior example in the field of suspense called *The Man. The Man* is a melodramatic play about the softhearted old lady who takes in a young man to do her cleaning and winds up with a maniac on her hands. But the playwright was a competent hack who knew he was selling old intellectual rags and who made no pretense at metaphysical philandering, not to mention the automatic dose of mail-order psychology. Fowles is not only uninteresting intellectually; he is a hack who is uninteresting as a hack. He doesn't know what to do with his perverted situation and it winds down with a disappointing thud.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

What may baffle or repel many theatregoers in Edward Albee's dramatization of Carson McCullers' *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* (Martin Beck) is what attracts me to it. The play is weird and unclear. It is like the little photograph which the hunchback, Cousin Lyman, shows Miss Amelia to prove that he is kin to her: partially effaced, it is barely decipherable. Yet it holds the attention, fascination; it speaks, almost sings.

Most of the plays offered us are so clear that we see through them at first glance; what they reveal, moreover, is unimportant. *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* may be explained without much difficulty in the jargon of psychoanalysis—in terms of inversion, for example—but to do so would be to render it banal and, by assigning it a seemingly exact meaning, would rob it of its true significance.

The title gives a clue to its artistic form. It is a ballad—perhaps a parable—of the Deep South "where there is absolutely nothing to do. . . . The soul rots with boredom. . . . Somewhere in the darkness a woman sings in a high wild voice and the tune has no start and no finish and is made up of only three notes which go on and on." There is no sustained or shaped melody, except what is heard remotely from a chain gang in the vicinity. The characters are connected through their captivity.

It is not, however, a play of local color. Though specific, its "Southernness" is symbolic. The theme is the frustration of love in a world without horizon or human dimension, a world so bound or "squeezed" in its isolation that all who dwell in it become deformed. The hunchback of the story is the evil which emerges from this constricted world. All the characters are monsters of one kind or another. This evil is also love when love has no natural outlet, no soil to give it nurture. It is a twisted love which forces its way to the light in wild contortion —a kind of noxious weed.

The better people (embodied in this instance by the lonely Henry Macy) are passive, mute, defeated and hardly perceptible amid the rank growth. The others are mean little dwarfs or misbegotten giants, full of an obscene energy that dare not pronounce the word "love," though active with its awkward gestures and an irrepressible, infantile tenderness. Where there is sufficient power the only directed impulse is greed, the only satisfaction acquisition. The result is always destruction. What ties these people together even while it separates them is a loneliness that is unaware of its name.

This is insanity. Most of our fine Southern writers evoke this atmosphere, but here, because of its far-reaching overtones, it becomes, first, generally American, then universal.

The tone of Mrs. McCullers' writing —some of it spoken by the narrator of the play—is spare and almost flat, musical only through a mournfulness and ache that rise to something like nobility by its lack of "eloquence." She avoids explanation. Her story is not "psychological"; she has dreamed it without trying to "understand" it. The narration bears a blank countenance as if its import will either be self-evident or unintelligible—in which case the listener may be someone rendered obtuse by the rattle of commonplace reason.

The tale is plainly told as an event, horrid without being astonishing, a nightmare which, like the environment in which it is set, remains a perennial norm. One cannot think of this as realism. That is one reason why the novella has so little talk. The play must perforce supply dialogue to create a story line, though Albee, through his narrator, supplies background and comment from the original source to circumvent the pitfalls of prosy exposition.

Albee's greatest success for sheer writing is the letter which is momentarily mentioned in McCullers, but which in the play becomes a seering expression of love-hate, a wrath


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arising from the lover's inability to affect or touch the beloved except in violence. This, in addition to the bitterness of his comedy, constitutes the mainspring of Albee's talent. He is also a superb dramatic craftsman, as is sufficiently proved by his treatment of this, theatrically speaking, nearly impossible material.

Alan Schneider's production and Be Edwards' setting are sound enough. Perhaps it is being captious to add that they lack a certain removal from the literal. One misses a mood of pained yearning as if all were being seen through a veil that blurs outlines and dispels our sneaking demand for concrete causation. The "deep unnamable sadness," the essence of the Ballad, is not wholly created.

The cast is well chosen: there are wonderful faces, like that of Robert Blossom in a subsidiary role. Colleen Dewhurst as Amelia (more attractive and wholesome than McCullers' fright), Michael Dunn, invaluably keen as Cousin Lymon, Lou Antonio as Miss Amelia's wretched husband (though he seems more Mediterranean, lush and warm, than taut and bitingly native), Enid Markey—all these deserve praise. They suffer only to the degree in which the direction has not fulfilled its complete function. William Prince conveys admirably the depressed bewilderment of a gentleness that cannot even articulate its resignation.

The new program of satiric numbers by *The Establishment* (at the Strollers Theatre Club, 154 East 54 St.) is up to the sharp measure of the previous one—give or take a little. The weak spots are amply compensated for by the strong ones—some of which are not only hilarious but pertinent. But what will happen *now* to two of the most brilliant bits, in which Mrs. Nhu figures as star comedian? Carole Simpson's eyes are so beautiful that for me they obliterate her songs—which is perhaps a pity. Alexandra Berlin as Mrs. Nhu and Queen Elizabeth is delightfully apt. The gentlemen in the show are all commendable, and Roddy Maude-Roxby (perfect name!) as the inevitable, silly-ass Englishman, is considerably more than that.

## Cold Waltzes

**Twirled down the years**
**dizzying the sleet,**
**our fingers blue and touching.**

**No music thawed**
**the arctic smile —**
**that gash our faces wore.**

**Were quill stiff spines**
**in the ballroom world —**
**ah, such cold waltzes.**

***Colette Inez***

# ART

## Max Kozloff

Francis Bacon is probably the only major contemporary artist over fifty who can claim an extraordinary breadth of vision and who is yet, quite aside from being without followers or substantial influence, estranged from all developments in postwar painting. He therefore profits—because there are none like him; and suffers solitude—since he is so foreign. For these reasons, one does not detect in his belated, world-wide acceptance any real thankfulness, or even a secure conviction. Bacon defies categorical habits of mind a little too forcefully for his reputation to be an easy one. And more than anything else, this defiance, which is involuntary and plain eccentric, causes difficulties.

In the Mediterranean countries, for instance, his accents of shame and puritanism, his morality of exploration as risk, must seem exotic when they have any meaning at all. Only the Swiss Giacometti, who talks occasionally like Bacon, has any affinities with the English artist, and then it is as much because of their mutually thin skins, as because of their openness to pain in contemporary experience. In England, finally, Bacon is in the anomalous position of becoming the new establishment artist on the basis of work which is antagonistic to thinking even remotely conservative.

But his reception in New York is the most revealing chapter in the history of his art and perhaps our recent taste. Among painters there has been generally a warm disapprobation that has contrasted with the cold respect for Bacon in official quarters. Even if the American artists were willing to accept Bacon's world view, not that removed in itself, they would never countenance his Gothic mannerisms, his overt way of showing learning, and the finical toying of his procedures. In an atmosphere of excessive virility such as New York's, Bacon is thought to appear dainty and decadent, irrelevantly European all over again. Quite the opposite is true for the numerous people who are able to establish no aesthetic distance whatsoever, and who are merely repelled by repellent subjects. As for the popular press, and spokesmen for conservatism, Bacon is the butt of the going clichés about the alienated modern man and literary parallels concerning existentialism: all laudatory, but nevertheless managing to keep the artist at a certain distance. In short, there is enough in Bacon to displease everybody.

Behind his waywardness, however, in fact a condition of it, is his scope. What variegates his moods is a kind of frittering away of one area of the will. He has said, "I foresee the image in my mind and yet I hardly ever carry it out as I foresee it. It transforms itself by the actual paint. I don't in fact know very often what the paint will do, and it does many things which are much better than I could make it do." Welling into the paint, but always from some decorative point of departure, is a generating fancy that will take its cue from a random blot or stain.

Bacon is always spoken of either as appearing artistically from nowhere at all, or as being an eclectic who feeds upon sources (which are only motifs) such as sixteenth-century Italian painting, or Velasquez (e.g., the famous series on the latter's "Pope Innocent X"). But there are native origins for his work that, in unison with his responsiveness to the accidental, go far to explain the uprooted, and yet wide-ranging character of his vision. The intimism of Walter Sickert, whose work grew more fitfully exasperated and hermetic during the early part of this century, was an anticipation of Bacon, especially in its preference for the dark side of the palette, a sensitivity to shapes, and a certain thinness of the masses. In addition, there is both a tinge of the documentary and a hint of madness in the fastidious art of Sickert that is quite congenial to Bacon; indeed, he lets both these predilections out at the seams.

Finally, he has the most unlikely affinity with the Italian Futurists. Aside from a few coincidences of subject matter, he shares with them the technical problem of finding equivalents in paint for tracks, or sometimes even tremors, of motion. Like them,



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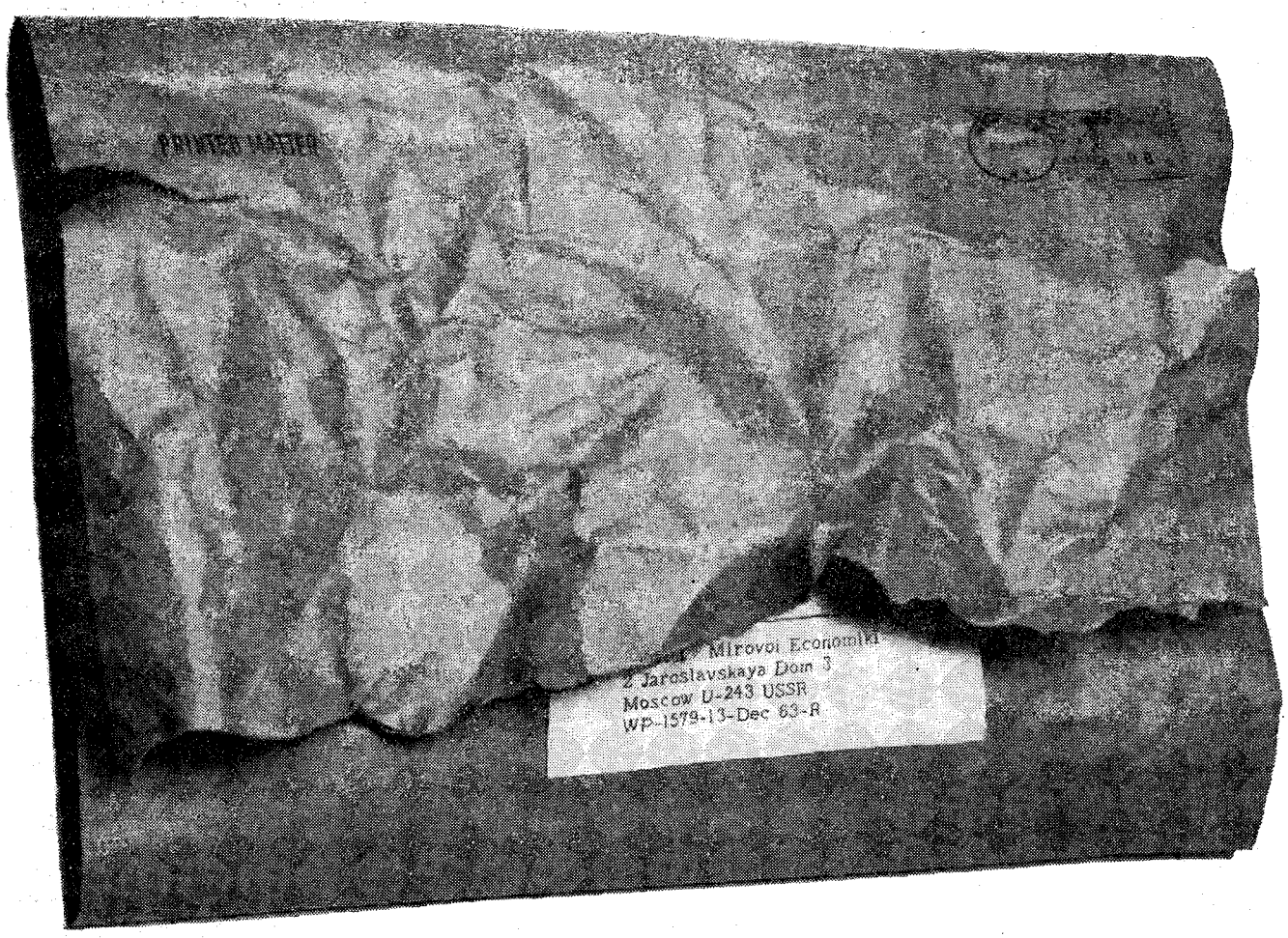


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therefore, he invades contours and establishes a physical interpenetrability between objects and environment. Nor does one doubt that for the Futurists and Bacon, the registration of motion implies some kind of extra-bodily investigation of states of mind. To project the path of an object in space is a mental gesture which not merely activates the event perceived, but endows it with a hallucinating power that defies the inertness of paint as material. The Futurists ordered this intuition by various stroboscopic conventions: they staged myriads of stops in any one object's trajectory, thereby bringing a transient motion down to earth. But Bacon views motion as illusory, at most imperfectly sensed, and instead of seeing a self-regulating flow over a trespassed space, is aware of hesitancy, confusion and awkwardness. Paradoxically, his nuances and fuzzy contours may be more visually accurate in their rendition of motion than the old-fashioned, dynamic lines of force of Futurist painting, but they are also freely created, unrationalized intuitions of chaos and dissolution. With the Futurists, patterns of movement may be complicated, but ultimately clarified; with Bacon, one's optical apparatus encounters resistance, and everything simply goes out of focus.

This is in great measure the source of his sense of horror. That the physical behavior of his subjects is beyond his control is also a metaphor for the breakdown of their civilized restraints. Within a framework of aristocratic refinement, he becomes aware of a kind of insane brutishness in which man, clothed even in an executive business suit, capers and crouches like an ape. The clash between the artist's partial surrender of will, which accounts for much of the unleashed animalism of his images, and his schematic format (rectangles, bars, railings, thrones, etc.) enhances the evocation of terror. One dimly comprehends this mechanism, even in the apparently uncomplicated expressionism of the Van Gogh series, in which the paint mimes the ejaculating fierceness of the Dutch master, but has none of its rhythmic cohesion. Something of Van Gogh's healthy obsessiveness has gotten interrupted and uncurled. Above all, the spectator is not in the least reassured that the riot of paint marks has anything to do with a felt emotion. On the contrary, he is deliberately made to sense that it doesn't—a most chilly perception. Frequently in Bacon, then, the effect is of a breakdown in the continuity between impulse and appearance, so that one constantly receives messages in the guise or voice of an agency that appears to be other than that of the artist. It is a species of pictorial ventriloquism.

When Bacon turns this predicament, of whose effectiveness he is only too conscious, upon the phenomena of the outer world, his twisted vision grows perversely in breadth. Thus, his remarkable landscapes, his caged animals, his nameless portraits, his studies of the Pope, his lovers, his interiors and genre scenes, none of which are explicitly frightening, become terrifying in the extreme. His anxiety has no prejudice whatever, nor would it seem that anything is inappropriate or alien to it. What remains true is that most of his experiences will be shriveled into an insubstantial, panicky flicker on the black backdrop of his consciousness. Bacon, furthermore, is not above exploiting this *bizarrerie* under the considerable fullness of his theatrical instinct. But it is in the end a shadow theatre he presents and his images appear to the retina, not in themselves, but as if they were imprints on a tissue—some cosmic veil of Veronica.

Hence, the penetration and imaginative range of Bacon is assured. But it would be unrealistic to suppose that he had attained it without paying some heavy penalties. His color, for one thing, does not so much contribute to the nightmare, as stay out of its way (till 1959). More recently, in an effort to incorporate chromatics more actively into his vision, Bacon has created some of the ugliest, most disjointed color schemes (lavenders, rusts, light blues) imaginable, leading one to wonder if he is imitating someone who has gone color blind in one eye. The stigma of an overwrought fantasy — and here Bacon is not alone—consists in this inexplicable defect of sensuous equipment. But, more serious probably, is a compositional vapidness that has become more flagrant in the last years. This artist has long been hypnotized by vacuum, which is at once responsible for dwarfing and intimidating his subjects, and for their poverty-stricken arrangement—often no more than a small blob in relief against a great void. If Dubuffet is an example of a diarrheic sensibility, then Bacon is constipated. Only a very small portion of each of his paintings is operative, vibrating with a distraught attention. For the rest, there are great zones that are untransfixed, yards of canvas wasted by nothingness. These pictures are therefore containers for the isolation of some very diseased form of life, rather than pictorially functioning wholes comprised of integrated parts. This is particularly true of the high-keyed works after 1959, in which the total indifference to placement creates a situation in which nothing is held together. Furthermore, the monotonously applied paint, the grotesquely twisted anatomies, are a final burst of self-mortification, the pressure of which it is almost impossible to bear.

Ultimately, however, Bacon's achievement rests on his willingness to be vulnerable. His outlook on the present world is supremely pitiless, but his examination of himself is hardly compassionate either. He is not even capable of hiding his deceits, and his cunning. His best work is that in which he is conscious enough of both his fragmented inadequacy and his sophistication to bring them into some kind of compromised but meaningful relationship to each other. When that happens, the Baconian scream takes on voice. It is not, certainly, the most affecting statement on human life, nor can it pretend to be a complete one. But once experienced, it has a vivid pertinence that dismisses a good deal of one's peace of mind. I, for one, am overwhelmed by a masochistic gratitude.


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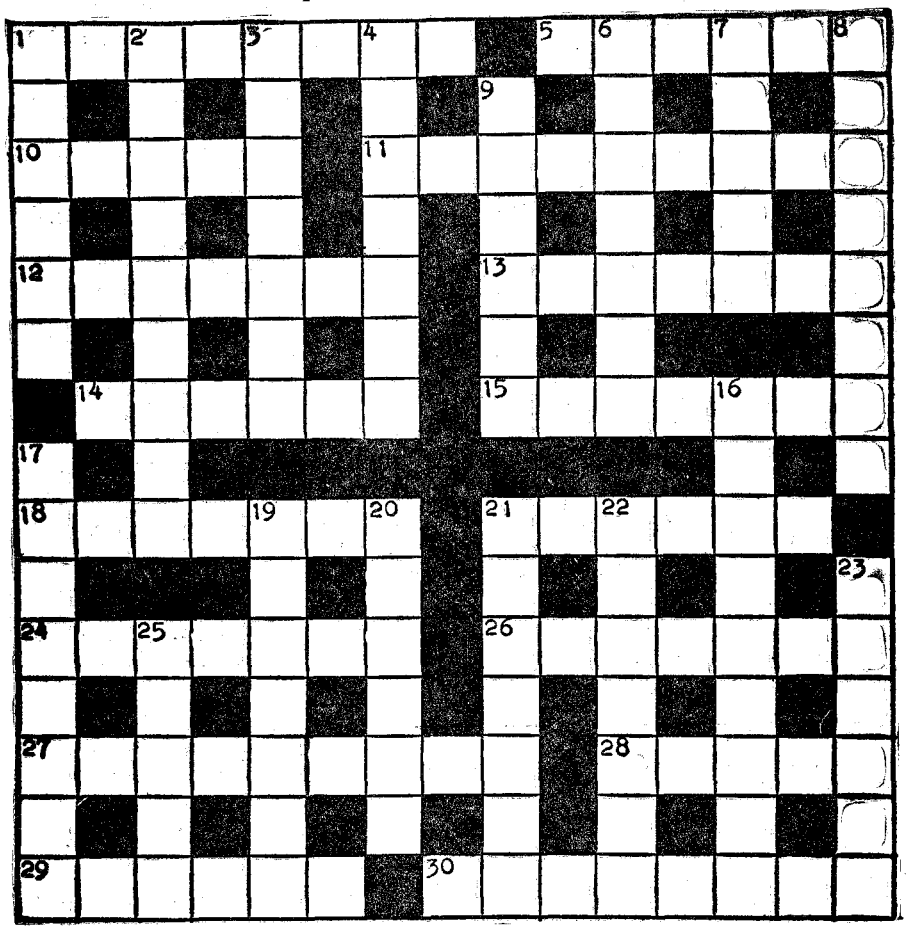
# Crossword Puzzle No. 1033

## By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 5 Long platform for the purpose of spreading things out evenly. (5-3-6)
10 These are supposed to catch the eye in dress design. (5)
11 Disease commonly was air-borne, by the sound of it. (9)
12 A brief description of the exit queue? (7)
13 and 29 Does one sell juicy tidbits? (7-6)
14 and 28 Is, if scalded badly, likely to produce what might be akin to butterflies. (6, 5)
15 No tears to be shed for Arnold's act! (7)
18 Teams that this, are visiting near the basement, perhaps. (7)
21 Given nourishment in return, the light type, to bear the expense of it.
24 It implies you don't like something, one short month before you return home for the beast. (7)
26 It lives in the sea by itself, to a degree. (7)
27 Hard work for those who are sixty, or sixteen, if in poor condition.
30 An illuminating drama? (8)

DOWN:

1 Play this for 13 across, though it might be a fishy lot. (6)
2 How to take your turn in the ranks concerning approved status. (5, 4)
3 Cut out of a form of index when the beginnings of science are included. (7)
4 Is she rife with the stock answer?
6 What they hope to do at 1 down.
7 A haggard one might be 2 down, ruled otherwise. (5)
8 How the dolichocephalic take flight? (8)
9 Printing the extra-curricular activity of the stars? (3-3)
16 Air may be wood, and salt is. (9)
17 Armed? (Children might be frightened by it.) (3, 5)
19 Franklin recommended thought concerning spending a penny for it. (7)
20 One might upon being pricked, if cowardly. (6)
21 Certainly no place for aqua vitae. (4, 3)
22 Get fuel? Far from it! Chicken, rather! (7)
23 Prepare yourself for the first step in radio reception. (3, 3)
25 How one might come with his admission. (5)

**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1032**

ACROSS: 1 American Gothic; 9 Enlarge; 10 Grissom; 11 Hepatica; 12 Strops; 14 Euterpe; 15 and 21 down Pitchfork; 17 Paved; 19 Endlong; 21 Fallow; 23 Bewilder; 25 Roaster; 26 Trivets; 27 Board of Regents. DOWN: 1 Amenhotep; 2 Eclipse; 3 Irritated; 4 Amen corner; 5 Gags; 6 Twist; 7 In short; 8 Amos; 13 Dead center; 14 Providing; 16 Headrests; 18 Volcano; 20 Gudgeon; 22 Otter; 24 Ergo.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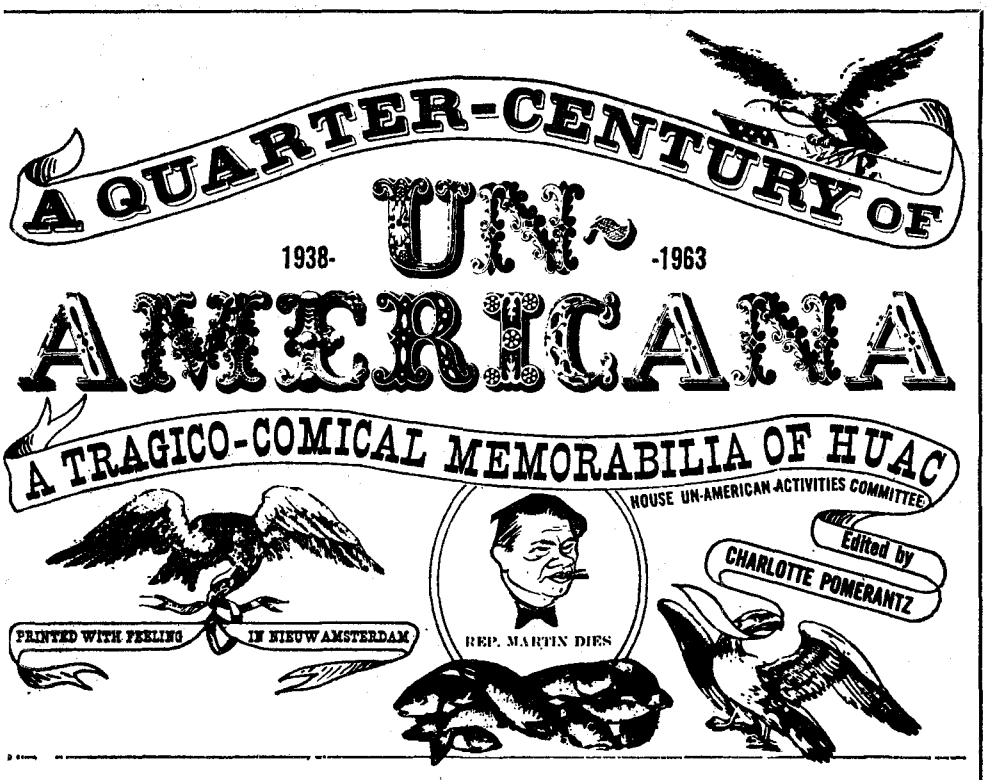


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